

Good Morning 507

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Capt. Joseph Hawkins
was 50 years in
tramps and here
he tells of life in
the Windjammers,
a life he knew

Windjammer Days

A GERMAN prisoner taken aboard from France the other day, said to a shipmate of mine, "You English sailors are too tough! You did your invasion in unfair weather."

He did not know that quite a large proportion of the masters and seamen in that job were old windjammer men; and you could not expect a sausage-en-brosse to understand what that means, anyhow!

Off the Normandy beaches there were a dozen vessels commanded by men over 65. One of them is supposed to be 69; but some of us who were lads with him know what his real age is!

You might think a windjammer an idler of the sea. I served on one that could touch her 16 knots; and yet, to-day, 10 knots is quite a fair pace for a cargo ship, and 15 is definitely very fast.

Yes, my old boat could run down and pass the mail steamers of those days; and if she were afloat to-day, in a fair wind she would make the transatlantic greyhounds look to their laurels.

AS RATIONS WERE.

But tough! You've said the word!

Even water was rationed to three quarts a day—sometimes only two quarts on a long trip. Half the ration was passed straight on to the cook for soup and tea; the remainder had to serve a man through each salty 24 hours for drinking and washing.

Bread was a luxury. You got a pound a week a head—when you got it! And was it heavy? Hard tack biscuit was usually available, and you had to have young teeth to tackle it. I remember a "chips" we had who used to dip his in his tea because he hadn't a tooth in his head; and a better sailorman and carpenter I never met.

Salt beef turned up twice a week, and towards the end

of a voyage it nearly walked for'ard by itself.

Plum duff was kept for special occasions, and a tot of rum was served out once a week, with a triple peg on the skipper's birthday and on making port after a fast run.

Ships of those days had to be kept spick and span. My old ship had a teak deck, and if there was a splotch or a mark on it anywhere, the Old Man would call for the mate, and the mate would find out who did it, and who failed to clean it up, and set them to fight each other.

Then he knocked out the winner. It was better to be the loser!

She was a "killer"; she washed men off the jibboom foot-ropes whenever she got a chance. Now, sailormen in those days would have made Barnacle Bill look like a sucking-dove; yet, would you believe it, as often as not they couldn't swim.

It was a regular belief among them when I was a lad that you only prolonged the agony if you swam, so they wouldn't learn.

HELL'S WORST.

There wasn't much chance of being picked up in really bad weather, in a sailing ship; and some of the skippers of those days would as soon lose a man as not, if he was fool enough to drop over.

Four or five thousand bales of wool, racing back from Australia through Hell's worst weather, was certainly not going to be stopped (and give a rival the chance of a go-by) for the sake of a sailorman at four pounds a year pay.

Desertions were common. Hundreds of men went out to Australia passage-free by signing on as seamen or cooks and deserting at Hunter's Quay, Newcastle, which had an unprintable nickname because of the mobs who slipped ashore there at night and made their

way on foot to Ballarat or Bendigo, the gold mines, and, as they thought, fortune.

One of them is a millionaire to-day; but I guess most are bleached bones.

If they were caught, they were gaoled till the ship could pick them up again. Then, once out at sea, they were flogged, mast-headed, and occasionally keel-hauled.

The latter practice is to tie a man in a bowline, pass the line under the ship's keel, and drag the man clean underneath. It was a bad business, with nobody to say anything if he failed to survive.

Sometimes a man would out with his knife. Mates on the Australia run were used to that sort of childishness, and picked a greenheart belaying pin out of the side and broke the mutineer's skull for him, as well as whatever else was coming to him.

Loading the cargoes was a racing job, ship against ship, and some pretty desperate dodges were used to stop a rival from casting off first. There were midnight raids, kidnappings, hiccussed drink—everything except a broadside of gunfire.

The wenchers round the harbourside used to make pretty pickings kidnapping the officers and "losing" their clothes; and one second mate walked back to his ship in broad daylight without a stitch on him, and with a great jack-knife in his hand to offer as an argument to anyone whose delicacy was offended.

Careless screwing of the bales meant less bales carried, and perhaps shipwreck if the cargo shifted in a storm. That might cost every man aboard his life. So speed was not the only thing in stowing.

The wool windjammers came home round Cape Horn, picking their way among ice-floes several miles long. The slightest touch from the under-water projecting "teeth" of those floes tore the side out of a ship.

The canvas grew as hard as board; our fingers bled as we handled it, and hands stuck to masts and ropes, the skin tearing off as if touching red-hot iron.

Not even in the ice-fogs, which stop modern steamers, did our sailing ships heave to. Two or three hundred miles was a standard run, when it was too foggy and dark to see a cable's length ahead; but the owners wanted the wool home while the market was good, and men's lives had to come second. Ships and cargoes were insured, anyhow.

To men who first tasted salt on voyages like this, the weather off the unloading beaches in Normandy doesn't stop the work. It only makes them sentimental about the good old days round Cape Stiff, when sailormen were sailormen! And if, in the stress of the job, a few meals are missed, it isn't half as bad as we used to know; and then we only had weavily biscuit and crawling salt junk after it all, whereas now we get "full and plenty"—better than they give you in hotels.

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit...

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO :—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



WELCOME AT THE WINDOW For A.B. Bob Whall

HERE is a picture of someone you know at the open window, A.B. Bob Whall. And for sure there is ever a welcome for you at the home of Cousin Rosie and Duke at 32, Castle Hill, Beccles.

We are sorry to miss seeing Duke, but we did have the pleasure of meeting Rosie. That was after going in error to St. Lawrence, where we met some more nice people. Mr. Blowers would like to have you staying with him now. They are busy threshing and want all the help they can get.

All well at the Huntsman and Hounds—where Mr. Smith wishes you would drop in for a

chat or anything you fancy.

Of course there is always a gardening job for you at No. 32 or is this the one spot of work not in your line? Must ask Duke about this.

Stella and young Edward drop in occasionally for a cup of tea with Rosie. Master Edward often asks why you don't come home. When he grows up he is going to be a sailor or a lorry driver. Plenty of time to make up his mind. A very nice boy from what we hear.

Leslie was expected home early in October, so he said in a letter.

You seem to have a lot of friends in and around Beccles. Certainly there is at 32 a nice fire and easy chair waiting for you. But that is for the evening after you have done all the odd jobs Rosie and Duke are saving up for you.

Well, anyway, jobs or no jobs, they will be jolly glad to see you, Bob.

MORE IDEAS LIKE THIS PLEASE

INHABITANTS of Winterslow, a village about seven miles from Salisbury, have a "post-war plan" of their own.

It is to build up a Forces' Fund from which, at the end of the war, it is hoped to make a substantial money gift, as a memorial, to the families of men and women of the village who lose their lives while serving with the Forces, and an equal gift to Service men and women who return home.

Inaugurated at the end of 1943, when a representative committee was formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Harold Horner, the fund already exceeds £300. A sum of £130 was raised by a village fête.

Mr. Leonard Thorne, who, with Mr. W. C. Pearce, is joint hon. secretary of the committee, told a "Good Morning" representative that one of the objects of the Fund was to give a welcome-home gift to all the lads and lasses of the village who have done their bit for their country.

"Some of them will probably want to marry," he said, "and a little nest-egg of £20 or so will come in very handy to help them start a home."

"Dad'll love this," says Raymond (Meaning P.O. Francis McGrail)

HERE is a picture of a happy family for Petty Officer Francis McGrail.

"Dad will love it" was the verdict of Raymond, aged 9, when he saw the photograph. "It's nice, isn't it, Mum?" he said.

And Valery, aged 4½, and Patricia, aged 3, endorsed their brother's opinion with sparkling eyes.

No need to tell you where the sea wall is, Frank. Your wife, Edith, says you will be sure to recognise it. The path which runs by this little bit of Portsmouth Harbour is the children's playground.

Mrs. McGrail had returned from a nine weeks' holiday with your mother at Burton-on-Trent when we found her at home with the children at 5, Western Terrace, Stamshaw, Portsmouth.

They went away in July, when, as Mr. Duncan Sandys recently revealed to the country, a light scale attack was made on Portsmouth with

flying bombs. Now that we are at the gates of Germany, those days of trial, we hope, are over. No more sleeping in shelters.

Do you remember that Raymond was only nine months old—just before you went to China—when your mother last saw him?

Valery and Pat had never seen their Nanny prior to this visit. She thought they were wonderful children. So, we are sure, do you.

Raymond is doing well at school. His teacher has a very high opinion of him. He is now taking music lessons—and enjoying them.

We expect you, know by this time he has a piano at home to practise on. He is learning all the little pieces at present.

We believe the two girls are going to make bonny dancers. Pat cannot resist



the music—piano or wireless. "When I start playing to her," your wife told us, "off she goes." Valery also sings all the songs and does a little step dancing as well.

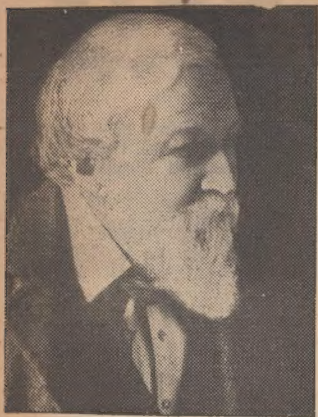
Mrs. McGrail is thinking of letting them both take dancing lessons.

Incidentally, they still make a

great fuss of the dolls their Daddy bought them.

And here is the message your wife sends you, P.O. McGrail: "Tell him we are all waiting to see him walk up the garden path."

That will be a day of great celebration again "down Stamshaw way."



POETS BECAME PEN PALS

—And love was bound to happen



How Love came to Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett

By MARK PRIESTLY

them. To think with him was always to act. He wrote to Elizabeth Barrett and he expressed his thoughts in the florid language of a poet.

"I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett," he said. "And I love you, too!"

It was love from a stranger—and maybe he didn't mean it. Elizabeth Barrett accepted it at its face value as fan-mail, and to a request for a meeting, replied with the light-hearted information that she always hibernated in winter.

"I will joyfully wait for the delight of your friendship and the spring," Browning wrote back. So one of the world's most delightful correspondences began—and a miracle happened. The pen pals who had begun as a lark found themselves falling in love.

Gradually Browning learned the details of Elizabeth Barrett's life, how her Victorian father dominated the family, the scene there had been when her sister had dared to approach him on the prospect of marrying a certain young Army officer.

"Get well," Browning wrote back frantically. "Shall I see you in two months, three months?"

They had been corresponding for five months before he visited the gloomy house in Wimpole Street and the two met. This lonely, forlorn creature, he realised, was the right woman for him. Within 48 hours he sent Elizabeth a letter that made her sit up and take notice.

Its contents will never be known, for—in terror of her father—she begged Browning to destroy it and never speak of love to her again. Premature? Perhaps Browning had scared her, but he was not a poet without being equal to the technique of courtship.

He suggested that they should continue to correspond on literary topics. The topic proved to be mainly criticism and answer on a poem he had written about a gipsy and a duchess, and gradually Elizabeth Barrett could not help but see herself as the duchess.

The strategy worked. The time came when Browning carefully wrote his proposal letter. He would marry her, but, he promised, things should remain as they were. He would be no more than a brother, coming and going at her bidding.

"I deliberately choose this dream of sitting simply by you for an hour every day," he wrote, "rather than any other excluding you."

The approach worked. Before many days had passed

Elizabeth was agreeing to elope with him.

It had to be kept secret from her father. Browning was comparatively poor, despite his fame, but Elizabeth had a private income of £400 a year, and with this as solid ground-work they drew up their plans of escape together.

So one day she slipped away in a cab with her maid, and Bob and "Ba" were married at a church round the corner. For a fortnight more she concealed her wedding ring, and then, a fortnight later, walked slowly round the corner to a bookseller's shop where Robert Browning was waiting.

She never saw her father again. He returned the letters she wrote, unopened. But what did it matter?

The Brownings made the journey to Paris and thence to Avignon. They had both got what they wanted. They came at last to Genoa, with "its vision of mountains, six or seven deep, one behind another."

Long ago I stood in the hallway of a house in Florence, recalling this romance. Maybe the world talks a lot of nonsense about the Brownings. Maybe it helped enormously to have a joint income of £8 a week. But you have to hand it to him for overcoming the stumbling blocks.

And they lived simply and happily for fifteen years in

Italy, making new friends, writing their poetry together, even going in for life in a bigger way.

Elizabeth, reclaimed, was no longer an invalid. There came a son. "He is so fat and rosy and strong that almost I am sceptical of his being my child," she wrote. They laughed at his many chubby chins, his thoughtful way of staring at cathedrals and flowers.

JUST what was it about the Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett get-together that forever after made it so renowned? It will soon be just a hundred years since it happened, but the Barrett and Browning love story is still good for the movies any day.

Yet they began as pen pals! Robert Browning was handsome and famous, a 34-year-old poet who was already the talk of London. Elizabeth Barrett was an invalid chained to a couch, known to the public only as a writer of essays and poems.

Her age? Thirty-nine! Browning got round to reading some of her pieces, and found himself fascinated. He read them over and over, and somehow became aware of the living, palpable creature behind

PUZZLE CORNER

Solution to Triangle Puzzle in No. 506.

IN the blank sum below, two three-figure numbers tot up to another. The first number is half the second one and a third of the total. The numbers from 1 to 9 are each used once... the puzzle is where to put 'em.

There are 8 of the small white triangles, 6 of the black, 4 of the shaded, and 4 of the dotted. Total: 22.



(Answer in No. 508.)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10			11	
12			13		14		
15		16		17			
18			19			20	
		21	22				
23	24				25	26	27
		28			29		
30	31			32		33	
34			35			36	
37						38	

- 1 Covenant.
- 4 Railings.
- 9 Remain.
- 10 Nourished.
- 11 Tree.
- 12 Male title.
- 13 Spare time.
- 15 Messenger.
- 17 Bronze.
- 18 Achieves.
- 19 Liquefied.
- 21 Unit of heat.
- 23 Fertilising powder.
- 25 Elliptical.
- 28 Guided.
- 29 Plant with aromatic seeds.
- 30 Horse.
- 33 Cover.
- 34 Male animal.
- 35 Wood.
- 36 Record book.
- 37 Bright.
- 38 "Daily Mirror" girl.

SATHWART F
PUREE CURIO
INTERCEDING
NEST O DORY
V HAPPY O
RED LEA PAD
ENACT SHADE
L ROOSTER B
IBIS H ASIA
CONTROLLERS
SAG YEO EKE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Founded.
- 2 River of Venezuela.
- 3 Presence of mind.
- 4 Remuneration.
- 5 Press chief.
- 6 Reckoning.
- 7 Corn spike.
- 8 Coil of yarn.
- 10 Insect.
- 14 Popular fish.
- 16 Stableman.
- 19 Grown-ups.
- 20 Avoidance.
- 22 Fence worker.
- 23 Agreements.
- 24 Woolly ruminant.
- 26 Detached house.
- 27 Shelf.
- 29 Limb.
- 31 Fungent.
- 32 Cathedral town.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



I TAKE this story from a Glasgow evening newspaper:—
"The noblest vision that a Londoner ever sees is the... high road that leads to Glasgow. (Sorry Dr. Johnson!)"

"That may be scarcely true, but it certainly is true that there are many more Londoners living and working in Glasgow than there are Scotsmen in London. So, if any of us should boast of how we run the Empire, their retort could be very telling.

"These friendly strangers in our midst have decided that they ought to get together more often in an organised way. To make this possible, a Society of Londoners has been founded.

"At the moment they have no premises of their own, but there are visions of a permanent club, complete with restaurant and bedrooms.

"It is thought that the reason for the late start is the fact that Englishmen are not so 'clannish' as Scots, and, unlike ourselves when in London, have no glamour that can equal the haggis and the kilt."

Now, just whom do they think they are kidding? Glamour of the haggis and kilt! Being an ex-Gordon Highlander, I speak authoritatively, I think, when I strip the kilt of glamour and condemn it as a cold, ridiculous garment that is beneficial only to the vermin dwelling 'midst the seven-and-a-half yards of excellent material that should be put to better use.

And haggis....!

Note.—It is a fact that to wear any garment other than a shirt beneath the kilt is a breach of regulations, and punishable.

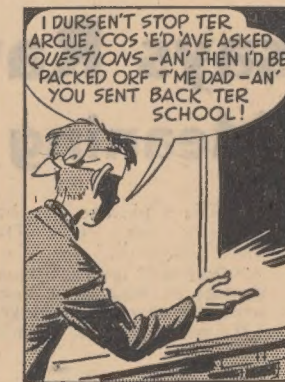


BELIEVED to have been the last Englishwoman survivor of the Siege of Ladysmith, Mrs. Hannah Jessie Hankin-Hardy has died at her home, Berrister House, Raunds, Northants, aged 78. She helped in the Natal Volunteer Medical Corps.

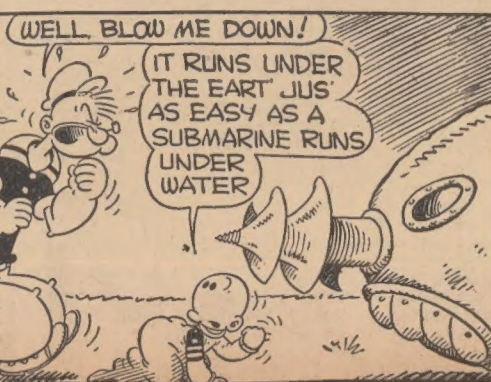
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—446

1. Insert five consonants in *O**O** and get an English county.
2. In the following piece of common advice (also the title of an H. G. Wells novel) both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Eb fraluce naot oto oyu.**
3. In these four nationalities the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 623754, 6L3M894, 5487393, 82894.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 445

1. COTOPAXI.
2. Georgie, Porgie, pudding and pie.
3. Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, Hungarian.

JANE

A strange man has swept Jane up in his cloak and carried her off to her dressing-room!



Is it Safe to Eat? The Birds know

A ZOOLOGIST, a Biologist, a Botanist and a Philosopher discuss:—

Some poisonous plants and berries are pleasant to the taste, and some wholesome ones are bitter. How do animals and birds know which are safe to eat and which are not?

Zoologist: "One is tempted to answer the question by the one word 'instinct,' but that would certainly not tell the whole story."

"While most wild animals and birds do seem to know by instinct what is good for them, domestic animals sometimes make mistakes."

"Horses, in particular, have been known to poison themselves fatally by eating the leaves of the yew."

Philosopher: "I have seen birds eating yew berries, too, but cannot say if they were poisoned or not."

Botanist: "No, the yew berry does not seem to harm birds, and that is probably because

the central pip passes through them undigested."

"The yew poison is in the pip, and the soft flesh surrounding it is both sweet and harmless."

"W. H. Hudson used to say he always ate the outer parts of yew berries in the autumn. The pip is, however, very poisonous, and it is best for human beings to leave the whole fruit alone."

Biologist: "The horse chestnut provides an interesting case. This fruit is bitter and indigestible, and may be said to be mildly poisonous. It would give you a violent tummy-ache if you ate a lot of them. Horses always leave them alone, yet cattle sometimes eat them and seem none the worse for it."

Philosopher: "A lot depends on what we mean by 'poison.' Goethe used to say there is no such thing as a poison—it all

depends on the dose. That is true."

"Even arsenic can be administered in beneficial doses, and people like the Tyrolese, who eat arsenic habitually, can become so immune from its effects that they can take a quantity many times the normal fatal dose."

"I don't think it is altogether a sound principle to classify substances as either poisonous or non-poisonous."

Botanist: "But some fruits are definitely poisonous. I have never heard of anybody eating the berries of the Deadly Nightshade, for instance, without suffering for it. Some of the toadstools, too, are violently poisonous to all animal life."

Zoologist: "To get back to the question, I think the first part of it assumes too much. Yew berries may taste sweet enough to us, but we have no

Says BRAINS TRUST

right to assume that they taste sweet to animals.

"To wild animals, Nature may have made the provision that the poisonous fruits will have a bitter or objectionable taste. We cannot dogmatise about that."

"Animals certainly do leave most of the poisonous plants alone, and if they are not guided by taste it must be either by instinct or by habit, or a combination of instinct and habit."

"Evolution would see to it that only those animals whose habit it was to eat wholesome plants survived."

"The habits of each animal would be derived by copying their parents, and so they would end by having an apparently perfect instinct for selecting their food."

"Creatures which are not reared by their parents, such as most insects, must surely be guided by instinct."

Botanist: "There is one other point. Nature always seems to have intended her fruits to be eaten. They are designed to attract animals and birds in order that they may get carried far afield in their intestines."

QUIZ for today

1. A suslik is a fruit, fish, bird, rodent, reptile, insect?
2. In what card game is the term "quint" used?
3. What is the difference between a scarab and a carib?
4. What common tree is sometimes called a witcher?
5. What island is separated from South America by the Strait of Magellan?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Trousers, Trowl, Truent, Truckulant, Trousseau, Trownce.

Answers to Quiz in No. 506

1. Fruit stone.
2. Fencing.
3. Troglodyte is a cave-dweller; theodolite is a surveying instrument.
4. White poplar.
5. Petropavlovsk.
6. Quadrage.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 30

1. Rearrange the following words to make a statement, and then say if it is true or false: **Will one somebody machine a motion day real make perpetual.**

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 84, 63, 56, 48, 42, 91, 28.

3. If the shortest way from A to B is via C, the longest way from C to A is via D, and the shortest way from B to D is via C, is it possible—supposing

no other routes—to go (a) direct from C to D, (b) through A, D, C, B, in that order, (c) through B, D, C, A, in that order?

4. If three days after tomorrow is a fortnight after the Sunday before last, what day was the day after a week ago yesterday?

(Answers in No. 508.)

Answers to Test No. 29.

1. Board.
2. Gosling is a bird; others are animals.
3. Meat.
4. Five. (There were grandpa, his son and grandson, and his widowed daughter-in-law and her daughter.)

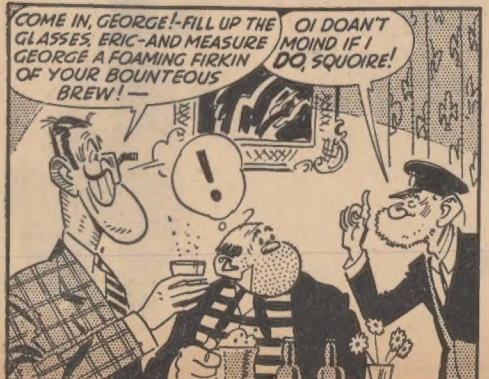
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



All the Answers

"HOW fast would a comet colliding with the moon be travelling?"
 "Why don't the Chinese kill crickets in their kitchens?"
 "Are radium emanations luminous?"
 "What's the simplest way to cure hiccups?"
 "Did ancient Arabians have buttons on their clothes?"

These are just a few samples of the barrage of hundreds of questions hurled at Hollywood's technical advisers from pictures every day. The experts range from astronomers to historians, from soldiers to librarians. They work on special pictures on which their arts or callings figure, or period pictures dealing with times and countries on which they are authorities. Behind them stand the studio research departments, where skilled librarians gather data from all quarters of the globe to provide information and supplement their knowledge.

One of the busiest technical advisers in Hollywood to-day is Wei Fan Hseuh, on whose shoulders rests the authenticity of every scene in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Dragon Seed." Pearl S. Buck's story of the Japanese invasion of China. Hseuh, a graduate from Tsing Hua College in Peiping, went through the earlier stages of the invasion before going to the United States. He became a writer, and was recruited through the Chinese Consulate for the picture. He passes 250 different Oriental make-ups, inspects about 20,000 props, ranging from farm implements to a Chinese woman's toilet articles, on customs, manners and deportments of players enacting Chinese; checks the costumes of Walter Huston, Katharine Hepburn, Turhan Bey, and others in the cast, and on sets. Most of the properties were imported from China before the war.

One of the oddest questions concerned crickets, which he insisted should be in evidence in Huston's farm-house. The Chinese, it seems, regard them as a sign of prosperity, and a farmer would be ashamed of a home so poor that a cricket could not find a living in it.

DICK GORDON.

Alex Cracks

Shopman: "Yes, sir, those socks will give you complete satisfaction. I've worn them myself for the last two months."
 Customer: "Have you a pair like them that you haven't worn quite so long?"

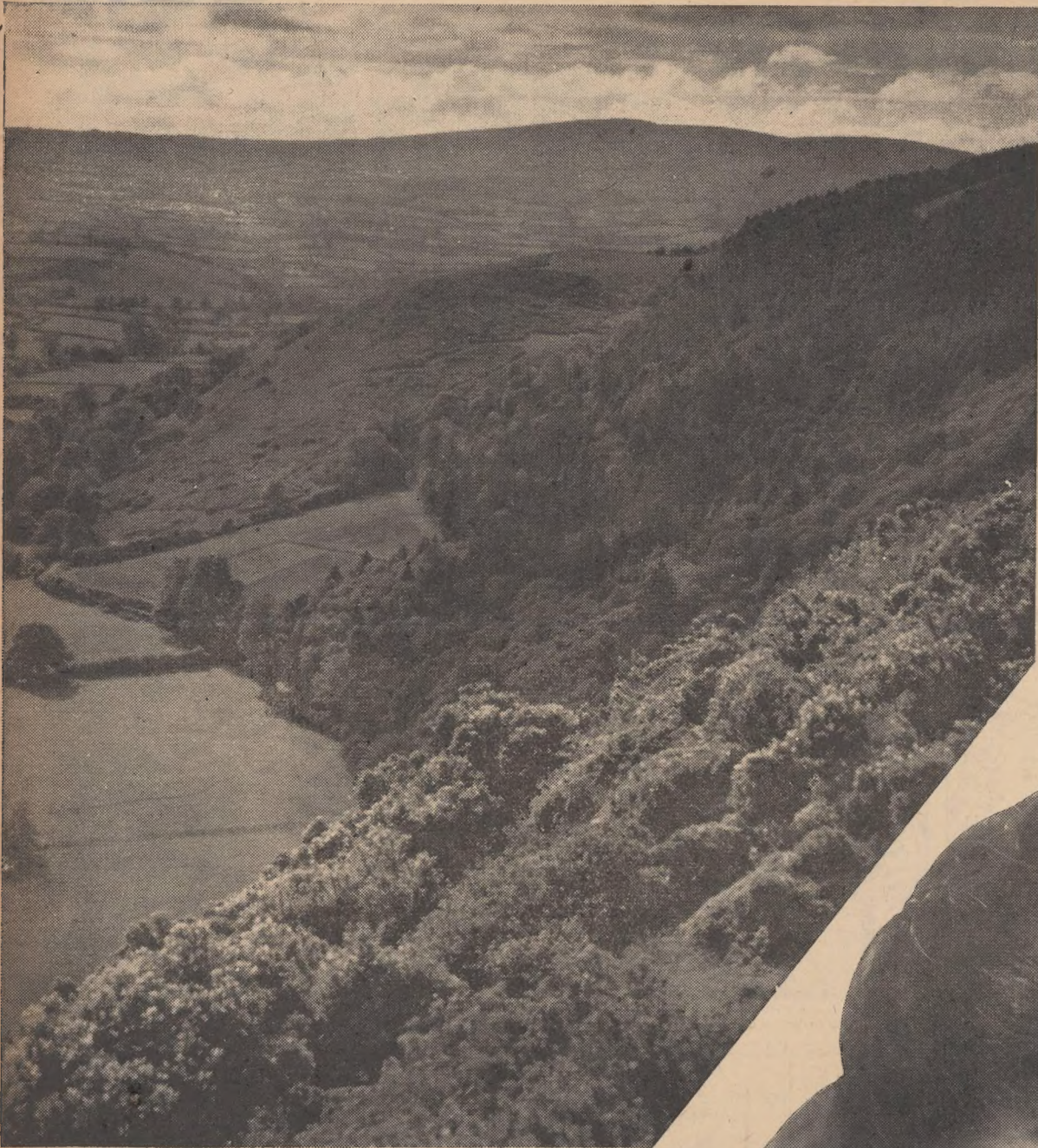
The business men were talking about their employees.

"Well, old Johnson has grown grey-haired in my service."

"I've got a girl with me who has grown yellow, brown and red-haired in my service."

Good Morning

IT'S OURS, ALL OURS. You'll feel free as John Ridd riding into the sunset with Lorna Doone, when you tramp this Exmoor valley under Dunkery Beacon. Best of all, you will be free—for this lovely track of country belongs to the National Trust, which means it belongs to you.



Extract from the Stenschen Bassondraft: "The two Dictators met in an atmosphere of utmost cordiality. All outstanding questions between them were settled in that spirit of stern realism which the world expects from the young virile nations."



"Hi, Cock. We've seen some ladies in some queer hats, but this mare beats the lot."



A ROSE BY
ANY OTHER
NAME

Her cheeks are like a damask rose, her eyes are like shy violets, her lips are like petals—and we don't mean bicycle petals. Columbia would never forgive us. Nor would Rose May Robson, the pet!



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ginger once told me my whiskers were like a wire brush."

